

17/2/70.

EPISODE SIX.

Working Title: "DE WHC AND THE MOLE-BORE"

by

Don Houghton.

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EPISODE SIX

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

CAST:

DR WHO  
LIZ SHAW (II)  
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART (II)  
SIR KEITH MULVANEY (I)  
GREG SUTTON (II)  
PETRA WILLIAMS (II)

THE PRIMEORDS.

A CHAUFFEUR.

EXTRAS:

None.

\* \* \*

SETS:

CENTRAL CONTROL (II)  
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II)  
MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR (II)  
DOCTOR'S HUT (II)  
CAR INTERIOR (B.P. or B.LIMBO)  
CORRIDOR, NUCLEAR REACTOR (II) UTILITY.

EXTERIORS:

Outside the Operational Building.  
Building Nearby.  
Outside the Nuclear Reactor

OPTIONAL SCENES:

Mole-Bore Complex.  
Main Gates, Mole Bore Complex.  
A Village Street.

S.FX:

MODEL OF THE COMPLEX.

EPISODE SIX.

"DASH AND THE HOLE-BORE"

by

Don Houghton.

OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. DRILL-HEAD (II).

REPLAY SC 16, EP 5:

THE PRIMEORD IS STILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, BUT IS NOW JOINED BY ANOTHER.

SLOWLY THE FIRST PRIMORD RAISES HIS MASSIVE ARM, PREPARATORY TO STRIKING THE DOOR TO THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE

CUT TO:

2 INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II), SAME TIME

REPLAY EDITED SC 17, EP 5

THERE IS A SMALL, WIRE-MESHED, FROSTED GLASS WINDOW IN THE OFFICE DOOR. SUDDENLY THIS IS SMASHED AS THE PRIMEORD PUNCHES HIS CLAW-LIKE HAND THROUGH.

WE CUT AWAY TO A CLOSE-UP ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE. HE REMAINS EXACTLY AS HE WAS - EXCEPT THAT ONE STARTLED EYE OPENS IN ALARM.

BACK TO THE DOOR, WHERE THE PRIMEORD'S HAND IS SWIPING AWAY THE FURNITURE BARRICADE.

EVERYONE, EXCEPT THE DOCTOR, COWERS BACK. THE BRIGADIER FIRES AT THE BROKEN WINDOW. THE ARM IS WITHDRAWN.

DR WHO: Save your bullets, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: They're coming in!

DR WHO: No. Not yet.

SUTTON: See for yourself!

DR WHO: My dear chap, all that Primeord has to do is lean against the door - and it would give way under its strength. Obviously the creature is testing the temperature in here.

THE DOCTOR RISES AND CHECKS A TINY WALL THERMOMETER.

DR WHO: It's not hot enough for them yet.

SUTTON: Well, I'm roasting!

DR WHO: But then you're not used to the conditions they thrive on.

PETRA: The hotter it gets...

DR WHO: ...The stronger they get. You'll notice that they were moving relatively slowly. Fortunately, their reactions are slow to - for the time being.

BRIGADIER: How long before they venture in here, then?

THE DOCTOR CONSULTS THE THERMOMETER AGAIN.

DR WHO: Oh, I'd say we have all of five minutes.

SUTTON: Big deal! I don't know how I'll <sup>pass</sup> the time.

DR WHO: However, we may not feel inclined to wait that long.

BRIGADIER: You've come up with something?

DR WHO: I may have.

SUTTON: Well, for Pete's sake...

DR WHO: Look.

HE GOES OVER TO AN AIR CONDITIONING GRILL SET IN THE WALL. FROM HIS POCKET HE TAKES AN ELEGANT LACE HANDKERCHIEF AND HOLDS IT TO THE GRILL. THE HANDKERCHIEF FLUTTERS SLIGHTLY.

LIZ: It's the air conditioning.

SUTTON: And it's fighting a losing battle against the heat.

DR WHO: That's not the point. The point is that somewhere there is some power still being generated.

LIZ: The emergency generators. They're robot controlled.

DR WHO: (TO PETRA) And the nuclear reactor?

PETRA: Just before we came in here I noticed that it was still registering at the reactor itself.

DR WHO: In other words, it may still be working.

PETRA: It may be - but the Master Switch in the Central Control would have to be activated. It cut out automatically when the disaster occurred. Resetting that switch is a complicated business...

DR WHO: Yes, but I think I know how to do it.

BRIGADIER: What do you want the nuclear power for?

DR WHO: My machine.

SUTTON: But first you have to get into Central Control. It's crawling with those creatures - and full of that vapour stuff.

DR WHO: That's right. But we do have some weapons to combat them.

SUTTON: The Brigadier's pistol?

DR WHO: No. Something far more effective. Your coolant pipes. Could you tap them and rig up some sort of hose? Assuming that the emergency generators are still working the pumps.

SUTTON: The pipes are in Central Control.

DR WHO: You didn't answer my question.

SUTTON: Yes, I could rig up a hose - if I could get to them.

DR WHO: You can put away your pistol, Brigadier. You'll find these very much better.

AND THE DOCTOR TAKES TWO SMALL  
CO<sub>2</sub> FIRE EXTINGUISHERS FROM THE  
WALL OF THE OFFICE.

BRIGADIER: Fire extinguishers?

DR WHO: The Primeords fear them more  
than bullets I assure you.

HE HANDS ONE TO THE BRIGADIER AND  
ONE TO SUTTON.

DR WHO: The plan is relatively simple.  
We take away that barricade - and allow the  
Primeords to break down the door. Then we  
open up on them with these things. They  
retreat into Central Control - we go in. We  
hold the creatures at bay whilst Mr. Sutton  
rigs up his hose to the coolant pipes. Then  
Mr Sutton uses the coolant from the hose  
to clear a path through that vapour to the main ex  
it. Whilst he's doing that, I shall busy  
myself resetting the nuclear Master Switch.  
In the meantime, the Brigadier will have  
taken Liz and Miss Williams outside. Mr  
Sutton and I will follow soon after.

SUTTON: That's the craziest idea I ever  
heard!

BRIGADIER: Will it work?

DR WHO: I haven't the faintest idea.

LIZ: At least it's a chance.

SUTTON: Supposing the coolant pumps  
aren't functioning? Supposing the nuclear  
Master Switch is burnt out? Supposing these  
fire extinguishers give out before I've fixed up  
the hose?

DR WHO: Then the idea won't have  
worked, will it?

LIZ: But at least we'll be doing  
something.

PETRA: Yes. Instead of just waiting  
for the - for them.

DR WHO: If anyone else has a better  
scheme I should be only too delighted to  
consider it.

THERE IS A THUMP AT THE DOOR.

DR WHO: But I don't think there's all  
that much time time left.

SUTTON: Oh, what the heck! Come on, let's give it a try.

AND THEY ALL SET TO AND TAKE DOWN THE FURNITURE BARRICADE AGAINST THE DOOR.

DR WHO: The essential thing is to keep as close together as possible. And above all else - don't get anywhere near that vapour!

SUTTON: That machine of yours - where is it, again?

DR WHO: In a hut over on the other side of the Complex.

SUTTON: How do you propose to get a nuclear power supply to it?

DR WHO: I'm not quite sure yet - probably lay a cable or something.

SUTTON: Probably?

PETRA: Someone would have to monitor the power at the nuclear reactor.

DR WHO: Well, let's deal with those problems as we get to them.

BY NOW THEY HAVE THE FURNITURE CLEAR OF THE DOOR. THEY ALL STAND BACK - WAITING.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D). SAME TIME.

THE PRIMEORD MOVES RIGHT UP TO THE DOOR AND PEERS IN THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW.

CUT BACK TO:

4. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (D). SAME TIME.

CLOSE IN ON THE PRIMEORD'S FACE AT THE BROKEN WINDOW.

PETRA STIFLES A SCREAM. LIZ TURNS HER HEAD AWAY FROM THE SIGHT. SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER RAISE THEIR FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.

DR WHO: Not yet!

CUT BACK TO:

5. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE PRIMEORD PUTS BOTH HANDS ON THE DOOR - AND HEAVES. THE SECOND PRIMEORD WAITS IN THE B.G. THE DOOR GIVES.

CUT TO:

6. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II). SAME TIME

AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, WITH A SCREECH OF RAGE THE TWO PRIMEORDS ADVANCE IN.

DR WHO:      Now!

AND SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER TURN THE NOZZLE OF THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS - AND THE JETS OF CO<sub>2</sub> STRIKE THE PRIMEORDS. THE CREATURES SHRIEK AND REEL BACK.

DR WHO:      Not too much! Conserve it!

SUTTON GIVES ONE MORE BLAST - AND THE CREATURES TURN AND STAGGER BACK INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

SUTTON:      Alright, come on!

WITH SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER LEADING THE GROUP VENTURE OUT INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

7. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE PLACE IS IN COMPARATIVE GLOOM. ONLY THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS ARE STILL ON. MORE THAN HALF THE FLOOR SPACE IS COVERED WITH THAT CLINGING VAPOUR, AND THE WAY TO THE MAIN EXIT IS STILL CUT OFF BY IT.

THE TWO PRIMEORDS ARE STILL SHRIEKING THEIR ANGUISH, CLAWING AT THE CO<sub>2</sub> AS IT FROSTS ON THEIR BODIES. OTHER PRIMEORDS ARE STANDING IN THE SHADOWS, OMINOUSLY STILL, WATCHING.

THERE IS A DEEP RED, FURNACE GLOW FROM THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE DRILL HEAD.

THE INTENSE HEAT IS OVERPOWERING. EVERYONE IN THE PARTY STAGGERS AS ~~THE~~ THE IMPACT OF IT HITS THEM.

BRIGADIER:    It's too hot! We'll fry in here!



DR WHO: Then let's not waste time! (TO  
SUTTON) Where are you going to rig up the  
hose?

SUTTON HANDS HIS EXTINGUISHER TO THE  
DOCTOR.

SUTTON: Over here.

AND HE LEADS THEM TO A VALVE IN THE  
COOLANT PIPE CLOSE BY.

BRIGADIER: What about the hose?

SUTTON: There's one round the back.

HE REACHES DOWN BEHIND THE PIPE AND  
GRABS A LENGTH OF THICK HOSE. IT HAS  
A SHORT NOZZLE ON ONE END AND A CONN-  
ECTING ATTACHMENT ON THE OTHER. HE  
IMMEDIATELY SETS TO WORK. THE BRIG-  
ADIER AND THE DOCTOR STAND GUARD  
WITH THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS AT THE  
READY. THE GIRLS HUDDLE DOWN BEHIND  
THEM.

BRIGADIER: How do you know that coolant is  
going to have any effect on the vapour?

DR WHO: I don't.

ONE OF THE MOTIONLESS PRIMEORD'S  
BEGINS TO MOVE. SLOWLY IT ADVANCES  
TOWARDS THE PARTY, UNSEEN, FOR THE  
MOMENT BY EITHER THE BRIGADIER OR  
THE DOCTOR.

BRIGADIER: (SHOUTS) Harry up, Sutton!

SUTTON: I'm going as fast as I can. Every-  
thing is red hot!

THE PRIMEORD IS MOVING CLOSER.

BRIGADIER: It's hopeless! I can't breathe  
in here!

DR WHO: Well, stop talking so much.

SUDDENLY LIZ SPOTS THE APPROACHING  
PRIMEORD.

LIZ: Doctor - look out! Over to  
your left (or right)!

THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER SWING  
ROUND JUST AS THE PRIMEORD QUICKENS  
ITS SLOW PACE. IT SHRIEKS AT THEM AS  
IT COMES IN TO ATTACK. THE BRIGADIER  
LETS FLY WITH HIS EXTINGUISHER. THE  
PRIMEORD SCREECHES AND RECOILS.  
BUT THE BRIGADIER KEEPS THE JET ON IT.  
THE CREATURE STAGGERS BACK.

DR WHO: That's enough!

BUT THE BRIGADIER STILL KEEPS  
'FIXING' AT IT. THE DOCTOR GIVES HIM  
A THUMP ON THE SHOULDER.

DR WHO: You'll use it all up!

THE BRIGADIER STOPS. THE PRIMEORD,  
WELL OUT OF RANGE, HAS COLLAPSED  
AND LIES STILL.

BRIGADIER: I killed it!

DR WHO: I very much doubt it. Probably  
just paralysed for a while. It'll come to  
again as the temperature rises.

BRIGADIER: It can't get any hotter than this.

DR WHO: (DRYLY) Can't it?

BY NOW SUTTON HAS THE HOSE ATTACHED  
TO THE VALVE.

SUTTON: I've got the hose rigged.

BRIGADIER: Well, turn it on!

SUTTON STRUGGLES WITH THE VALVE  
WHEEL.

SUTTON: I can't!

DR WHO: Seized up?

SUTTON: Yes!

BRIGADIER: What do we do now?

DR WHO: You keep guard.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AROUND FOR  
SOMETHING TO USE AS A LEVER ON THE  
VALVE WHEEL.

PETRA: The vapour's closing in on us!

AND WE SEE THE SWIRLING, CLINGING  
VAPOUR GETTING CLOSER TO THE GROUP.

THE DOCTOR FINDS A RIGGER'S  
CROWBAR NEAR ONE OF THE PANELS.  
HE GRABS IT - AND WINCES AS HE FEELS  
THE HEAT COMING FROM IT. HE PUTS  
DOWN HIS EXTINGUISHER AND JOINS  
SUTTON. THEY PUSH THE CROWBAR INTO  
THE VALVE WHEEL AND STRAIN ON IT.

THE BRIGADIER TURNS HIS HEAD TO SEE  
HOW THEY'RE MAKING OUT. AND AS HE  
DOES THIS, TWO OR THREE OF THE  
PRIMEORDS START TO MOVE TOWARDS THE  
GROUP, ALL FROM DIFFERENT  
DIRECTIONS.

PETRA: They're coming again!

THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO GIVE BATTLE. HE TURNS ON THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND POINTS IT AT THE NEAREST PRIMEORD. AS SOON AS THE CO<sub>2</sub> HITS THE CREATURE IT SHREIKS AND RECOILS - BUT THE OTHERS COME ON. SOON EVERY PRIMEORD IN THE PLACE HAS BEGUN TO ADVANCE. THE BRIGADIER TURNS THE NOZZLE ONTO ANOTHER OF THE CREATURES - BUT THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER IS NOW EMPTY. THE BRIGADIER LOOKS DOWN AT IT IN HORROR.

BRIGADIER: It's empty.

SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR ARE STILL STRAINING AT THE VALVE.

LIZ DARTS UP AND GRABS THE OTHER EXTINGUISHER AND POINTS IT AT THE CREATURE. THE JET IS JUST OUT OF RANGE - BUT THE PRIMEORD STOPS.

SUDDENLY THE VALVE MOVES A FRACTION.

SUTTON: We've got it!

DR WHO: I think so.

SUTTON: Petra, grab the nozzle!

AND THE VALVE IS OPENED. A STREAM OF COOLANT VAPOUR COMES OUT OF THE HOSE. PETRA AIMS IT AT THE PRIMEORDS. ALL OF THEM BEGIN TO SHRIEK AND RETREAT. SUTTON TAKES THE NOZZLE FROM HER AND POINTS IT TOWARDS THE ENROACHING EVIL VAPOUR. IT BEGINS TO DISPERSE AND SWIRL BACK AWAY FROM THEM.

BRIGADIER: It works!

DR WHO: Clear the way to the exit.

SUTTON POINTS THE NOZZLE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EXIT. SOON THE VAPOUR HAS ROLLED BACK.

BRIGADIER: That's got it!

DR WHO: Alright, Brigadier, take the young ladies and get out. We'll follow as soon as we can.

BRIGADIER: To the devil with the nuclear Master Switch - let's all go!

DR WHO: No.

BRIGADIER: Sutton...

SUTTON: He's got us this far - I'll do  
more

SUTTON: (cont'd) whatever the Doctor wants.

LIZ: The machine is more important than anything else.

PETRA: I agree.

DR WHO: Very well then - move!

THE BRIGADIER ~~SHEUG~~ AND MAKES FOR THE EXIT WITH ~~THE~~ GIRLS. AS THEY GET TO THE EXIT LIZ AND PETRA LOOK BACK. LIZ GIVES THE DOCTOR AN ENCOURAGING NOD - AND PETRA SMILES AT SUTTON. THEN ALL THREE GO OUT.

SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR ARE ALONE IN CENTRAL CONTROL - WITH THE PRIMECORDER ALL OF WHOM ARE HUDDLED IN DARK CORNERS, WATCHING BALEFULLY.

SUTTON: Well?

DR WHO: I'd better see to that Master Switch.

SUTTON: How long is this coolant going to keep them at bay, Doc?

DR WHO: Not long, I'm afraid. The heat's too intense for it to be effective for long.

SUTTON: And if it gives out before you've finished?

DR WHO: Then the vapours will probably creep back and cut us off from the exit again.

SUTTON: That's a cheering thought.

SUTTON RIGS UP THE HOSE SO THAT THE COOLANT KEEPS THE PATH TO THE EXIT OPEN FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. THE DOCTOR GOES TO THE MAIN SWITCH PANEL AND BEGINS TO EXAMINE THE INTRICATE MASTER SWITCH.

CUT TO:

TK 1. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

LIZ, PETRA and the BRIGADIER come staggering out of the building. They breathe in the air deeply.

BRIGADIER: It's nearly as blasted hot out here!

The girls flop down on the ground, exhausted. But the BRIGADIER is anxious to get as far away from the building as possible.

BRIGADIER: Well, come on, then. No use us hanging around here.

LIZ: We've got to wait for them.

BRIGADIER: Alright, but let's get over to the...

LIZ: Here!

PETRA: You go if you want, Brigadier.

But the BRIGADIER shrugs and flops down beside them. LIZ glances anxiously back at the entrance.

Cut to:

6. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D). SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL AT THE SWITCH PANEL, TINKERING WITH THE NUCLEAR MASTER SWITCH. SUTTON IS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER.

SUTTON: What's the verdict?

DR WHO: The heat's made a bit of a mess of it.

SUTTON: It's making a bit of a mess of me, too!

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) Perhaps you'd better join the others outside - whilst you can still make it.

SUTTON: (SHRUGS) No, I think I'll hang around a bit longer, Doc.

BUT SUTTON SNEAKS A FURTIVE LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER. THE PATHWAY TO THE EXIT IS STILL CLEAR, BUT THE VAPOURS ARE BEGINNING TO CREEP BACK.

CUT TO:

TK 2, Outside the Operational Building, Day.

LIZ, PETRA and the BRIGADIER are still outside, waiting. LIZ and PETRA exchange worried glances.

Cut to:

----- (OPTIONAL SCENES) -----

Mole-Bore Complex, Day.

A long, wide shot, showing the whole Complex hushed and silent. Here and there some eddies of smoke are rising as spontaneous combustion starts some small fires. The whole scene is tinged a hazy, red colour.

Cut to:

Main Gates, Mole-Bore Complex. Day.

The main gates are yawning open, unguarded.  
Nothing stirs.

Cut to:

A Village Street, Day.

Completely empty and silent. Doors are ajar.  
Here and there the street is littered with personal  
belongings ditched by fleeing inhabitants. In the  
distance we can see a deep red glow in the sky.

Cut to:

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2. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). LATER.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL WORKING ON THE  
MASTER SWITCH. SUTTON IS KEEPING  
WATCH. IN THE B.G. A PRIMBORD STIRS.  
ANOTHER TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

SUTTON: The natives are getting restless  
again.

DR WHO: The coolant is losing its effect-  
iveness.

SUTTON: How're you making out ?

DR WHO: Slow but sure.

SUTTON: Well, let's have a little more  
'sure' and a little less 'slow', huh ?

THE DOCTOR SMILES UP AT HIM.

DR WHO: There's really no need for you  
to wait now.

SUTTON: (GRUNTS) Just keep going.  
(PAUSE) When you get back to that other  
place...

DR WHO: If I get back.

SUTTON: ...how're you going to stop their  
Mole-Bore ?

DR WHO: I don't know. But there are one  
or two people who might listen to me there. Sir  
Keith Mulvaney, for instance...

SUTTON: He's dead.

DR WHO: Here, perhaps. But in that  
other 'warp' - maybe not.

SUTTON: You said everything runs parallel

DR WHO: Most things - but there are some  
exceptions. I just hope that's one of them.

THE PRIMEORDS ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN. VERY SLOWLY, AND MUCH MORE CAUTIOUSLY, THEY BEGIN TO ADVANCE TOWARDS SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: (ANXIOUSLY) Time's running out, Doc.

THE CLINGING MISTY VAPOUR IS CREEPING BACK MORE QUICKLY.

THE DOCTOR IS JUST FINISHING OFF HIS WORK. HE RISES.

DR WHO: Well, I just hope that works. There's no means of testing it - until some power is channeled from the reactor...

HE LOOKS AROUND THE CONTROL AREA AND SEES THE ADVANCING PRIMEORDS.

DR WHO: Yes, I really think we ought to get out of here now.

AS SOON AS THEY MAKE A MOVE FOR THE DOOR - THE PRIMEORDS ACCELERATE THEIR ADVANCE. NOW IT IS TOUCH AND GO AS TO WHETHER THE TWO MEN WILL MAKE THE MAIN EXIT BEFORE THE PRIMEORDS INTERCEPT THEM. THE CREATURES SHRIEK AND SCREECH THEIR RAGE, SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR MAKE A FINAL DESPERATE SPURT AND REACH THE EXIT WITH ONLY INCHES TO SPARE. ONE OF THE CREATURE CLAWS AT THEIR DEPARTING FIGURES - BUT MISSES. SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR HAVE MADE THEIR ESCAPE. TWO OF THE PRIMEORDS STAND AT THE EXIT, HESITATING.

THE VAPOURS SWIRL AND NOW COVER THE PATH LEADING TO THE EXIT. THE TWO MEN JUST MADE IT IN TIME.

CUT TO:

TK 3. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

LIZ, PETRA and the BRIGADIER get quickly to their feet as SUTTON and the DOCTOR come dashing out of the Operational Building. With the DOCTOR leading the way, all five run swiftly away from the building.

Cut to:

10. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (ID. 8) LATER.

THE PRIMEORDS BY THE MAIN EXIT TENTATIVELY MOVE SLOWLY OUT OF CENTRAL CONTROL.

ANOTHER PRIMEORD INSIDE THE CONTROL AREA MOVES TOWARDS A DOOR AT THE FAR END OF THE PLACE. A SIGN ON THE DOOR, IN THE EARTH II PHONETIC ALPHABET, SAYS: 'Tu Newkleer Rëaktor. Nö Addmitance.' THE CREATURE LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR. IT GIVES AND THE PRIMEORD GOES THROUGH.

CUT TO:

TX 4. Building Nearby. Day.

is is where the DOCTOR left his car in Episode Three. The BRIGADIER looks at it doubtfully - but the DOCTOR urges them all to get in.

Some business here as the DOCTOR struggles to get his car started. Suddenly the engine roars into life - and they move off at speed.

Cut to:

11. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (ID. LATER.

ALL THE PRIMEORDS ARE MOVING OUT THROUGH THE MAIN EXIT NOW.

THE CLINGING VAPOUR-MIST COVERS THE WHOLE OF THE FLOOR AREA AND IS ESCAPING THROUGH THE MAIN EXIT AND THE FAR DOOR LEADING TO THE REACTOR.

CUT TO:

TX 5. Outside the Nuclear Reactor. Day.

As the DOCTOR's car screams to a halt outside. All five of them pile out and rush into the building.

Cut to:

12. INT. A CORRIDOR INSIDE THE REACTOR BUILDING (ID. SAME TIME.

AS THEY COME IN.

DR WHO: Miss Williams, can you monitor the power from the reactor ?

PETRA: Yes.

SUTTON: How are you going to relay it from here to that machine of yours ?



DR. WHO: There must be a relay station close by. If we could lay a line...

PETRA: Suppose I was to switch the power from the nuclear circuits to the electrical system?

SUTTON: It would never take the megavoltage.

DR. WHO: It might - for just a moment or two. That's all I need to activate the console.

BRIGADIER: You'd blow every cable in the Complex!

DR. WHO: Probably.

LIZ: Does it matter? We're not going to need any power - afterwards - are we?

SUTTON: (TO THE DOCTOR) You have to connect up to the electrical system inside the hut.

DR. WHO: It could be done.

BRIGADIER: It all sounds impossible to me.

LIZ: So did getting out of the Control Area, Brigadier. But we did it.

THE BRIGADIER SHRUGS.

PETRA: If Miss Shaw and the Brigadier come with me to the Main Switch Room - Greg and the Doctor can start connecting up that machine. As soon as I've switched over to the electrical system and monitored the power - we'll come over to you.

DR. WHO: Splendid.

SUTTON: We'll need some tools and a length of heavy duty cable.

LIZ: You can get that from the Rigger's Store. You pass it on your way to the hut.

SUTTON: Okay, let's get going.

THEY'RE JUST ABOUT TO MOVE OUT - WHEN THEY HEAR SOME DISTANT EXPLOSIONS.

BRIGADIER: What's that?

SUTTON: Explosions.

PETRA: Probably caused by some of the more volatile chemicals overheating.

SUTTON: That means we're sitting on a powder keg.

BRIGADIER: Apart from everything else!

LIZ, PETRA AND THE BRIGADIER MOVE AWAY TOWARDS THE MAIN SWITCH ROOM, WHILST SUTTON AND THE DOCTOR EXIT QUICKLY.

CUT TO:

Ext. Outside the Nuclear Reactor. Day.

As SUTTON and the DOCTOR come running out. They jump into the car - and drive quickly away.

The sound of explosions are much louder.

Cut to:

Outside the Operational Building. Day.

Wispes and eddies of smoke and vapour are beginning to creep out from the main entrance.

We come in close and see a PRIMEORD standing in the doorway. Very slowly it comes out into the open.

Cut to:

13. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR (II). SAME TIME.

PETRA AND LIZ ARE WORKING ON THE MONITORING DESK. THE BRIGADIER STAND OVER BY THE WINDOW, KEEPING WATCH, PISTOL IN HAND.

BRIGADIER: Do you think they're venturing out yet?

LIZ: Who?

BRIGADIER: Those wretched Primeord things.

PETRA: It's getting warm enough for them.

BRIGADIER: How long is all this going to take you?

PETRA: I don't know.

SHE CONTINUES WITH HER WORK, ASSISTED BY LIZ.

CUT TO:

14. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II). LATER.

THE GARAGE DOORS ARE OPENED BY SUTTON - AND THE DOCTOR DRIVES THE CAR IN. SUTTON CLOSES THE DOORS AND THEN STARTS UNLOADING SOME HEAVY CABLE AND TOOLS FROM THE BACK.

AS SOON AS THE CAR STOPS THE DOCTOR JUMPS OUT AND RUSHES OVER TO THE CONSOLE. HE IMMEDIATELY STARTS TO EXAMINE IT CAREFULLY.

AFTER SUTTON HAS UNLOADED THE CAR, HE JOINS THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: So that's the contraption, is it ?

DR WHO: The console, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: I thought it'd be a bit more impressive than that.

DR WHO: What did you imagine ? Some sort of space rocket with a Buck Rogers at the controls ?

SUTTON: Hardly looks big enough to have brought you all the way here.

DR WHO: It wasn't exactly a 'journey' in the accepted sense of the word. It sort of 'slipped' me into your dimension, as it were.

SUTTON: And its going to take you back ?

DR WHO: Theoretically - if we can supply it with enough power.

SUTTON TAKES THE HINT AND STARTS LOOKING AROUND THE HUT FOR AN ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX.

SUTTON: Is it alright ?

DR WHO: I hope so. It doesn't look as though it's been damaged. But it would take ages to check it out properly.

SUTTON HAS LOCATED A JUNCTION OR MAIN FUSE BOX ON THE WALL. HE OPENS IT AND LOOKS INSIDE.

SUTTON: We're never going to get enough juice through this. It'll blow in the first few seconds.

DR WHO: I only need a few seconds.

SUTTON SHRUGS AND STARTS WORKING ON THE BOX. THE DOCTOR IS DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN THE CONSOLE.

CUT TO:

15. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR (ID). SAME TIME.

BY NOW PETRA AND LIZ ARE SURROUNDED BY WIRES, ETC. PETRA KEEPS TESTING THEIR PROGRESS BY FLICKING A SWITCH UP AND DOWN ON THE MONITORING DESK.

THE BRIGADIER IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY AGITATED AND IMPATIENT.

BRIGADIER: Are you making any progress?

PETRA: I'm worried about the relay circuits. They're not operating. I'm trying to rig up a by-pass.

BRIGADIER: Maybe the reactor's packed up.

LIZ: No. It's still functioning on robot control.

PETRA: But we can't get the power from the cyclotron to here. There's a breakdown somewhere.

BRIGADIER: Take you a million years to find it!

PETRA: We'll keep trying.

THE DOCTOR RETURNS TO HIS WINDOW.

CUT TO:

TK 7. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

The PRIMEORDS are coming out of the building now. They advance slowly but remorselessly forward.

Cut to:

10. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (D). LATER.

SUTTON HAS CONNECTED THE HEAVY DUTY CABLE TO THE JUNCTION BOX AND IS TRAILING IT OVER TO THE CONSOLE.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL BUSY TINKERING WITH THE MACHINE.

SUTTON: I just hope all this effort is going to pay off, Doc. If we get you back - you'd better make darned sure your people abandon their drilling. I'd hate to think all this was for nothing.

THE DOCTOR CONTINUES WORKING AS HE ANSWERS.

DR. WHO: Much depends on whether or not Sir Keith Mulvaney is still alive. If he is - I stand a chance. At least he'll listen - that's more than Professor Stahlman would ever do.

WE COME IN CLOSE ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE A FROWN OF WORRY APPEARS.

DR. WHO: He was killed in a car accident, wasn't he?

SUTTON: Yes. On his way to the Ministry.

DR WHO: To complain about Stahlman ?

SUTTON: So I believe.

DR WHO: And that's just what the other  
Sir Keith was planning to do. I wonder if he  
changed his mind ?

WHILST WE'RE STILL CLOSE IN ON THE  
DOCTOR'S FACE WE

DISSOLVE TO:

17. INT. CAR INTERIOR. NIGHT.

THIS IS BACK ON EARTH 1 - AT NIGHT.

SIR KEITH SITS IN THE BACK OF HIS LIM-  
OUSINE, READING THROUGH SOME NOTES  
FROM HIS BRIEFCASE. HIS CHAUFFEUR  
IS DRIVING.

HE GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW.

SIR KEITH: Where are we, Patterson ?

CHAUFFEUR: Just passing Redbourn, Sir Keith.

SIR KEITH: Is that all ? Thought we'd been  
into Hendon by now.

CHAUFFEUR: Traffic's been bad, sir.

SIR KEITH: I hadn't noticed.

SIR KEITH GLANCES AT HIS WRIST WATCH  
AND FROWNS. HE REACHES FORWARD AND  
PICKS UP THE RADIO TELEPHONE. THE  
CHAUFFEUR WATCHES THIS IN HIS MIRROR.  
SIR KEITH JIGGLES THE RECEIVER.

SIR KEITH: What's the matter with the radio-  
phone ?

CHAUFFEUR: I don't know, sir.

SIR KEITH: I must get in touch with the Mole-  
Bore.

CHAUFFEUR: I'm sorry, sir. Shall I pull up  
at the next phone booth ?

SIR KEITH: You know darned well the Comple-  
won't accept Non-Priority calls at this crucial  
stage, Patterson !

CHAUFFEUR: No, sir.

SIR KEITH GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW  
AGAIN AS HE REPLACES THE PHONE.

SIR KEITH: Why are you driving so slowly ?  
The road looks perfectly clear. Why are you  
crawling along like this ?

THE CHAUFFEUR DOESN'T ANSWER.

SIR KEITH: Answer me, Patterson!

CHAUFFEUR: (QUIETLY) Orders, sir.

SIR KEITH: Whose orders?

CHAUFFEUR: Professor Stahlman.

SIR KEITH: I see. And I suppose he's responsible for the radiophone not working, too.

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, sir.

SIR KEITH: A conspiracy to keep me away from the Minister for as long as possible?

CHAUFFEUR: I don't know...

SIR KEITH: Oh yes you do, Patterson!

CHAUFFEUR: I told them I didn't think it was right, Sir Keith! But my orders were explicit.

SIR KEITH: And now I'm countermanding them!

CHAUFFEUR: But they threatened to have me...

SIR KEITH: And I shall require you to furnish the Minister with a full statement. He'll want to know exactly what orders Professor Stahlman gave you. To the letter, Patterson!

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, sir.

SIR KEITH: Was it ever intended that I should reach the Ministry?

CHAUFFEUR: No, sir. Not tonight. I was to stage a breakdown just outside Hendon.

SIR KEITH: (STEADILY) Now listen to me. You'll put your foot down hard on that accelerator - and you'll make all speed into London. Is that understood?

CHAUFFEUR: Sir, I...

SIR KEITH: Otherwise you'll suffer the consequences - and I promise you they'll be severe. (MOUNTING ANGER) I am still the Director of the Mole-Bore Project - and I am getting heartily sick of being kicked around. Do you hear me?

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, sir.

SIR KEITH: Then get me to the Ministry as quickly as you know how! Go on - move this car, Patterson.

THE CHAUFFEUR, VERY AGITATED NOW, NODS - AND THE CAR QUICKLY PICKS UP SPEED.

SIR KEITH: That's better.

THE CHAUFFEUR HALF INCLINES HIS HEAD AS HE TALKS TO SIR KEITH, SPLITTING HIS ATTENTION BETWEEN THE ROAD AHEAD AND HIS PASSENGER IN THE BACK SEAT.

CHAUFFEUR: Sir, I'd like you to know that I objected to the orders...

SUDDENLY A PAIR OF ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS LIGHT UP THE CAR'S INTERIOR.

SIR KEITH: Keep your eyes on the road!

THE CHAUFFEUR TURNS AND IS IMMEDIATELY BLINDED BY THE ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE A CAR HORN BLARES.

SIR KEITH: Look out!

THE CHAUFFEUR SPINS THE WHEEL. THE CAR TYRES SCREAM. SIR KEITH STARTS BACK IN HIS SEAT AND COVERS HIS EYES.

WE HEAR THE START OF THE SOUND OF THE CRASH...

CUT QUICKLY BACK TO:

19. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II). LATER.

THE DOCTOR HAS FINISHED WORKING OVER THE CONSOLE. HE TURNS TO SUTTON.

DR WHO: Alright, we can connect up the cable now.

SUTTON: And trust to luck.

DR WHO: And my expertise.

SUTTON SMILES. THE CABLE IS CONNECTED TO THE CONSOLE.

SUTTON: I wonder how Petra's getting on?

DR WHO: She seems a very capable young lady. I'm sure she's managing.

THE CABLE NOW STRETCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE JUNCTION BOX ON THE WALL AND INTO THE BASE OF THE CONSOLE.

CUT TO:

19. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR  
REACTOR (D). SAME TIME.

LIZ AND PETRA RISE WEARILY TO THEIR FEET AFTER WORKING ON THE MONITORING DESK. THE BRIGADIER TURNS.

BRIGADIER: Finished ?

LIZ: I think so.

PETRA: We just have to switch on and pre-set the power controls.

BRIGADIER: How do we know he's ready for the power ?

PETRA: It doesn't matter. The power won't flow until he switches on at his end.

BRIGADIER: And then we may all go up in smoke ?

PETRA SITS HERSELF AT THE MONITORING DESK. SHE SETS SOME DIALS.

PETRA: I've cut off all the rest of the circuits.

LIZ: Fingers crossed.

AND PETRA PULLS OVER THE MASTER SWITCH. NOTHING HAPPENS.

BRIGADIER: What's happened ?

PETRA: Nothing !

SHE PULLS THE MASTER SWITCH TO AND FRO.

LIZ: There's still a fault !

BRIGADIER: So it's all been for nothing !

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER DOOR AT THE FAR END OF THE MAIN SWITCH ROOM, HAS OPENED. WE NOTICE A CURL OF THAT VAPOURY MIST CREEPING IN.

LIZ: Try again.

PETRA: It's no use.

AGAIN SHE PULLS THE MASTER SWITCH TO AND FRO. STILL NOTHING HAPPENS.

LIZ: Let's check that wiring again.

PETRA: It needs a specialist.



NEVERTHELESS SHE AND LIZ MOVE ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE DESK AND START CHECKING THROUGH THE WIRING AGAIN.

MOVE IN CLOSE ON THAT CURL OF SMOKE AND VAPOUR COMING IN THROUGH THE FAR DOOR. IT GETS THICKER AS WE WATCH.

CUT TO:

20. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II). SAME TIME.

IN THE DISTANCE THERE ARE THE SOUNDS OF MORE RUMBLING EXPLOSIONS.

SUTTON LOOKS OVER TO THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: Maybe something's happened to them? Maybe they can't get back here?

DR WHO: We must try and be patient.

SUTTON: If those explosions reach the nuclear reactor...

DR WHO: Yes, I know.

SUTTON: Well, at least it'll be quick.

THE DOCTOR SIGHS DEEPLY. HE AND SUTTON SETTLE DOWN TO WAIT.

CUT BACK TO:

21. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR (II). SAME TIME.

THE GIRLS ARE FRANTICALLY TRYING TO LOCATE THE FAULT.

OVER BY THE WINDOW THE BRIGADIER IS GETTING MORE AND MORE IMPATIENT. THE SOUND OF THOSE RUMBLING EXPLOSIONS ARE GETTING NEARER.

BRIGADIER: That's coming from the drill-head.

PETRA: (AS SHE WORKS) The shaft must be splitting open.

THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO URGE THEM ON - BUT HIS EYES FASTEN ON THE FAR DOORWAY.

BRIGADIER: (URGENTLY) Get out - both of you! Quickly !!

LIZ: But we haven't...

BRIGADIER: Look behind you!

THE GIRLS TURN AND LOOK AT THE DOORWAY. THEIR EYES WIDEN IN HORROR.

TAKE IN ON A SHOCK & ZOOM ON C.U.  
FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY IS A PRIMEORD.  
THE VAPOUR CURLS AND EDDIES AT ITS  
FEET, GETTING THICKER ALL THE TIME.

THE GIRLS RISE AND BACK TOWARDS THE  
EXIT. THE PRIMEORD SCREECHES AND  
ADVANCES.

THE BRIGADIER RAISES HIS PISTOL.

BRIGADIER: It's too late! Just get out!

THE GIRLS DIVE FOR THE DOOR AND BUNDLI  
CUT. THE BRIGADIER FIRES AT THE PRIME-  
ORD - AND KEEPS FIRING. THE CREATURE  
SHRIEKS AS THE BULLETS HIT IT - BUT IT  
KEEPS ON COMING. THE BRIGADIER TURNS  
QUICKLY ON HIS HEEL AND FOLLOWS THE  
GIRLS OUT.

THE PRIMEORD COLLAPSES TO ITS KNEES,  
STILL SHRIEKING - AND THEN FALLS,  
SPREADEAGLED ONTO THE FLOOR. THE  
VAPOUR CURLS AROUND ITS BODY.

CUT TO:

TKC, Outside the Nuclear Reactor, Day.

As LIZ, PETRA and the BRIGADIER come  
dashing out of the building. They run quickly  
away from it.

From the corner of another building a PRIME-  
ORD comes into view. It begins to follow them  
slowly.

at to:

22. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II), A LITTLE LATER,

SUTTON IS AT THE DOOR OF THE HUT. THE  
DOCTOR SITS CONTEMPLATING THE CONSOLE  
SADLY.

SUTTON: No sign of them. Nothing.

DR WHO: (SIGHS) Well, that would app-  
ear to be that. (PAUSE) I doubt if they would  
have listened to me, anyway.

SUTTON IS ABOUT TO TURN AWAY FROM  
THE DOOR - WHEN HE SEES SOMETHING.

SUTTON: Wait a minute! Yes, here they  
come!

THE DOCTOR DARTS TO HIS FEET AND  
RECHECKS THE CONSOLE.

DR WHO: All three of them?

SUTTON: Yes.

DR WHO: Good, Good.

SUTTON: There are some Primeords behind them.

DR WHO: How far away?

SUTTON: Some distance. Three or four hundred yards. Moving very slowly. (HE SHOUTS OUT OF THE DOOR) Come on, the Doctor's ready to go.

DR WHO: Yes, I should like to say goodbye to you all. And offer my thanks.

LIZ, PETRA AND THE BRIGADIER COME RUSHING INTO THE DOCTOR'S HUT BREATHLESSLY.

SUTTON: Everything okay, Petra?

BUT PETRA TURNS HER HEAD AWAY.

LIZ: I'm sorry - we couldn't get the power through the monitoring desk.

BRIGADIER: And we couldn't stay in the Switch Room any longer. One of those creatures came in.

SUTTON: So there's no power?

PETRA: No. We did all we could.

DR WHO: Yes, I'm certain you did, my dear.

SOME MORE EXPLOSIONS IN THE DISTANCE.

DR WHO: Thank you all the same.

HE RUNS HIS HAND OVER THE CONSOLE.

CUT TO:

23. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR  
REACTOR (II). SAME TIME.

THE VAPOUR COVERS MORE THAN HALF  
THE FLOOR SPACE AND IS CREEPING  
CLOSER TO THE MONITORING DESK.

THE PRIMEORD LYING ON THE FLOOR  
BEGINS TO STIR.

CUT TO:

24. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II). SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS AT THE DOOR,  
LOOKING OUT.

BRIGADIER: The Primeords are making  
straight for this hut.

SUTTON: They know we're in here.

THE BRIGADIER CHECKS HIS PISTOL.

CUT BACK TO:

25. INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR  
REACTOR (II). SAME TIME.

THE PRIMEORD IN HERE HAS MANAGED  
TO STAGGER TO ITS FEET. THE VAPOURS  
ARE REACHING OUT TO THE MONITORING  
DESK.

THE CREATURE AMBLES TOWARDS THE  
EXIT - BUT IT IS STILL VERY WEAK.

IT CRASHES AGAINST THE DESK AND  
COLLAPSES OVER IT. AS IT DOES SO  
THE LIGHTS IN THE DESK FLICKER ON  
AND DIALS START REGISTERING. THE  
PRIMEORDS OWN HEAT-ENERGY IS  
ACTIVATING THE MONITORING DESK.  
THE MEGAVOLTAGE COUNTER STARTS  
CLIMBING ACROSS THE DIAL.

CUT TO:

26. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (II). SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER TURNS SLOWLY AWAY  
FROM THE DOOR.

SUDDENLY SPARKS AND WISPS OF SMOKE  
BEGIN TO CRACKLE ROUND THE JUNCTION  
BOX. EVERYONE'S ATTENTION SNAPS  
TO THE SIGHT.

SUTTON: (AGAST) The junction box!

PETRA: We're getting power through!  
But how?

SUTTON: Who cares how!

THE DOCTOR RUSHES TO THE CONSOLE AND FLICKS OVER A COUPLE OF SWITCHES ON IT.

DR WHO: Yes, ~~there's~~ definitely power - and it's gaining quickly.

LIZ: Hurry, Doctor - activate it!

SUTTON: Yes - get going!

PETRA: It won't hold out for long!

BUT THE BRIGADIER IS POINTING HIS PISTOL AT THE DOCTOR.

BRIGADIER: Wait!

PETRA: There's no ~~ax~~ time...

BRIGADIER: Take us with you, Doctor.

DR WHO: But I can't!

BRIGADIER: Try.

DR WHO: It's impossible. You four already exist on Earth - I've explained that to you. I can't take you with me - it would create a paradox! Awful things would happen...

BRIGADIER: You can't leave us here!

DR WHO: You don't think I want to, do you?

LIZ: Let him go, Brigadier!

SUTTON: That box'll blow any second!

BRIGADIER: We helped him - we risked everything for him - we're entitled to go!

SUTTON SUDDENLY MAKES A DIVE AT THE PISTOL - AND KNOCKS IT OUT OF THE BRIGADIER'S HAND. IT GOES SPINNING ACROSS THE FLOOR.

SUTTON: Go on, Doc!

LIZ: Yes, go - now!

THE DOCTOR FLICKS OVER MORE SWITCHES.

SUTTON: And make them stop drilling!

PETRA: Tell them what happened here!

THE CONSOLE STARTS WHIRRING.

LIZ: And give my regards to the other Liz Shaw.

THE EXPLOSIONS FROM OUTSIDE ARE MUCH LOUDER NOW.

WITH A LAST LOOK AT THE OTHERS, THE DOCTOR FLICKS OVER THE LAST SWITCH.

AND AT THAT MOMENT THE JUNCTION BOX BLOWS - TAKE IN ON A C.U. OF IT - SO THAT WE CAN'T TELL WHETHER OR NOT THE DOCTOR ACTUALLY GOT AWAY.

CUT VERY QUICKLY TO:

27. MODEL OF THE COMPLEX.

EXPLOSIONS ERUPT ALL OVER THE COMPLEX - AND THAT RED HAZE TURNS AN ANGRY SCARLET.

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.